

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit A"

\*clapping, barking, and somebody yells "yo whassup? ? !"\*

[lawrence krisna parker]

One two

Rap music, what does it mean

What is everybody in this industry for

What is everybody, buying rap for

Why do people get involved, in rap music

Rap music number one, is the voice of black people, number one

Number two, it's the last voice, of black people

Black people have created every music you hear out here in the streets today

Every single music, rock and roll down

Therefore; in a situation that has, all african music in it

All african music, uhh, exploiting itself of it, or coming out of it

All african influence in all it's music

And you have what is called american music awards

You have what is called theft

And what I would like to bring out today is rap music

As, a revolutionary tool in changing the structure of racist america

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Blackman In Effect"

Blackman in Effect KRS-ONE and D-Nice

Wake up!

Take the pillow from your head and put a book in it.

It's time for the massive BDP crew at the top of the pile.

Yo. In the morning I'm yawning, at noon is when I wake up

Make up my bed break up the bread and said

Scratching my head, why am I so damn intimidating?

Is it because of laws designed to keep us waiting and waiting

Thus hating all forms of a setback

Get back, if you can't understand a rap act.

This is the language of the people ready to hear the crew

I've got no juice, 'cause I'm not getting juiced

To have juice means you kiss and lick a lot of booty

To have respect means you simply new or newly

Heard what I had to say and felt as though you'd say that too

I'm not down with a juice-crew

But anyway I say today the message I create is great

I don't preach hate, I simply get the record straight

It's not the fault of the black race that we are misplaced

We're robbin' and killin', your own medicine you taste

You built up a race on the concept of violence

Now in '90 you want silence

Well, I want science, not silence but science

Scientific fact about black

The board of education acts as if it's only reality

Is talking 'bout a Tom, Dick and Harry

So now you learn your black history is questions and answers

Every question but the Black Panthers

Timbuctoo existed when the caveman existed

Why then isn't this listed

Is this because the blackman is the original man

Or does it mean humanity is African

I don't know, but these sciences are hidden

For some strange reason it's forbidden

To talk about, or converse on a political outburst

I don't believe that I'm the first

Or should I say the first one, or the first one that's done

Music like I'm still number one

Music like that or this is the incredible uplift

Those that oppose get dissed

But who will oppose the teacher when society's a wreck

So check the blackman's in effect

Near the Tigris and Euphrates Valleys in Asia

Lies the Garden of Eden  
Where Adam became a father to humanity  
Now don't get mad at me  
But according to facts, this seems just fantasy  
Because man, the most ancient man  
Was found thousands of years before Adam began  
And where he was found, again they can't laugh at ya  
It's right, dead, smack in Africa  
But due to religious and political power  
We must be denied the facts every hour  
We run to school, tryin' to get straight A's  
Let's take a trip way back in the days  
To the first civilization on Earth, the Egyptians  
Giving birth to science, mathematics and music  
Religion, the list goes on, you choose it  
Egypt was the land of spiritual blessing  
Egypt was the land of facts, not guessing  
People from all over the world had come  
To learn from Egypt, Egypt number one  
So people that believe in Greek philosophy  
Know your facts, Egypt was the monopoly  
Greeks had learned from Egyptian masters  
You might say "Prove it", well here's the answers  
640 to 322 b.C. originates Greek philosophy  
But in that era Greece was at war  
With themselves and Persia, what's more  
Any philosopher at that time was a criminal  
He'd be killed very simple  
This indicates that Greece had no respect  
For science or intellect  
So how the hell you created philosophy  
When you kill philosophers constantly  
The point is that we descend from kings  
Science, art and beautiful things  
African history is the worlds history  
This is the missing link and mystery  
Once we realise they all are African  
White will sit down with black and laugh again  
So judge not least ye might be judged  
By the judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged  
Matthew seven, first verse doesn't budge  
No man should walk the Earth and sludge  
If you don't believe, you can go and check  
To see how and where the blackman's in effect

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Ya Know The Rules"

[d-nice]

Aiyyo, aiyyo kris they know the rules  
Hahahahaha, yeah ya don't stop (say what? )  
A-ya don't stop (bdp in the house) a-ya don't stop  
(check it out, check it out...yo, d!)  
Yo bust it, yo yo kris hold on  
Let me give a shout out to some people, aight bust it  
A scott larock, and ya don't stop  
A sammy b, and ya don't stop  
A mister cee, and ya don't stop  
A cool v, and ya don't stop  
Evil e, and ya don't stop  
A easylee, and ya don't stop  
A dj scratch, and ya don't stop  
A spinderella, and ya don't stop  
Jam master jay, and ya don't stop  
A pa mase, and ya don't stop  
So yo kris, my mellow my man yo  
Get on the mic and do the best you can

Verse one: krs

Well, the teacher comes to you, in effect  
From a different style, a whole different sect  
I inject, force and intellect  
When I hit the mic, suckers hit the deck  
I come correct and practice what I preach  
I don't pimp you or rule you I teach  
Come through the doors and slap up whores  
Ordering them to put back on their drawers  
Cause, I run their pimp  
When I leave he leaves with a limp

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit B"

[unknown speaker]

History can never be made by one man, we must smash this one quickly

History is made only by the masses of the people, this is clear

Even a cursory glance at the falasfallacious presentation

Of history by the american capitalist system, will demonstrate just this

Take george washington, as bad as he is

Put him in the middle of valley forge, by himself, surrounded

By the british, he can do nothing

\*laughing and applause\*

Mhmhmmmmhmm

Take martin luther king as righteous as he is

Put him in the middle of birmingham by himself, speaking out against racism

He would be lynched

But you take this same king, you take this same washington

Put them in valley forge, put them in alabama

Surround them with thousands of people who have the same ideas they do

Willing to make those ideas reality and the situation changes drastically

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Beef"

Beef, what a relief  
When will this poisonous product cease?  
This is another public service announcement  
You can believe it, or you can doubt it  
Let us begin now with the cow  
The way it gets to your plate and how  
The cow doesn't grow fast enough for man  
So through his greed he makes a faster plan  
He has drugs to make the cow grow quicker  
Through the stress the cow gets sicker  
Twenty-one different drugs are pumped  
Into the cow in one big lump  
So just before it dies, it cries  
In the slaughterhouse full of germs and flies  
Off with the head, they pack it, drain it, and cart it  
And there it is, in your local supermarket  
Red and bloody, a corpse, neatly packed  
And you wonder about heart attacks?  
Come on now man let's be for real  
You are what you eat is the way I feel  
But, the food and drug administration  
Will tell you meat is the perfect combination  
See cows live under fear and stress  
Trying to think what's gonna happen next  
Fear and stress can become a part of you  
In your cells and blood, this is true  
So when the cow is killed, believe it  
You preserve those cells, you freeze it  
Thaw it out with the blood and season it  
Then you sit down and begin eatin it  
In your body, it's structure becomes your structure  
All the fear and stress of another  
Any drug is addictive by any name  
Even drugs in meat, they are the same  
The fda has america strung out  
On drugs in beef no doubt  
So if you think that what I say is a bunch of crock  
Tell yourself you're gonna try and stop  
Eatin meat and you'll see you can't compete  
It's the number one drug on the street  
Not crack, cause that was made for just black  
But brown beef, for all american teeth  
Life brings life and death brings death

Keep on eatin the dead and what's left  
Absolute disease and negative  
Read the book 'how to eat to live'  
By elijah muhammad, it's a brown paperback  
For anybody, either white or black  
See how many cows must be pumped up fatter  
How many rats gotta fall in the batter  
How many chickens that eat shit you eat  
How much high blood pressure you get from pig feet  
See you'll consume, the fda could care less  
They'll sell you donkey meat and say it's  
Fresh!for nineteen-ninety, you suckers

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "House Nigga"

Let me see, let me see  
How should I start  
If I say stop the violence, I won't chart  
Maybe I should write some songs like mozart  
'cause many people don't believe rap is an art  
Wake up, shake up, hypocrite look alive  
Blastmaster krs-one will revive  
Four or five million still deprived  
When out to survive, wake up and realize  
Some people say I am a rap missionary  
Some people say I am a walking dictionary  
Some people say I am truly legendary  
But what I am is simply a black revolutionary  
I write rhymes on plain stationary  
Mary, mary, quite contrary  
Doesn't make sense in my vocabulary  
Uncle tom house niggaz, too scary  
So they can't be around, I don't do this  
For every jesus, there must be a judas  
It's the concept of the house nigga, field nigga  
The house nigga will sell you up the river  
So to massa, he'll look bigger  
And when ya bet under a rock, he'll slither  
But I'll grab the tail of the house nigga  
Pull the trigger and his head I'll deliver  
To the court of righteous people  
Black, white, or indian, we're all equal  
So all ya racist codes I'll decode, explode  
And eat you like apple pie a la mode  
On a hot day, don't bring me no hamhocks  
Cause round the clock, I'll kick their buttocks  
All afternoon in the classroom, in the living room  
In the bathroom, in the swimming pool  
On a footstool, then I'll stop -- nope, april fools!  
Whip out the baseball bat and somehow  
March your racist butt to moscow

Ya know what I'm saying?  
Are there any, are there any intelligent people in the house?

What can I say, o ye of little faith  
To think that krs-one has surely been erased  
What a waste, my finger points at the face of the human race



They're confused and misplaced  
My words are subliminal, sometimes metaphysical  
I teach, not preach, you want a challenge? I'll start dissin you  
I go philosophical by topical  
Hearin the call, ignorant, hot tropical  
Ya want a palm tree and nice dope shade?  
Only if the universal law is obeyed  
Which is "know thyself" for better mental health  
Yet so many rappers are preoccupied with wealth  
On my shelf I got titles  
Other artists want belts and idols  
World cups from seminars and conventions  
Competition and not to mention  
The award shows for pimps and hoes  
And every other hypocrite that flaunt their clothes  
Krs knows, so he just grows  
Always sayin somethin different from the average joe's  
So I confront them with the biggest chain  
But it doesn't rate albums, I believe it is the brain  
So I'll remain free while you reign, I'm lovin it  
You be the king and I'll overthrow your government  
Send your crew to berlin or dublin  
I'll out-think em, chump em, and shrink em  
Down to ya size, despite the cries  
In the face of intelligence, ignorance dies  
Dear, it's simple edutainment  
Rap needed a teacher, so I became it  
Rough and ready, the beats are very steady  
With lyrics sharp as a machete  
Clap, there's another house niggaz neck  
Another soft unlce tom crew is in check  
Ego wrecked and rhymes corrected  
By krs-one, produced and directed

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit C"

[krs]

Ya know, so we wanna clear the air  
And let you all know what time of day it really is  
Bdp are black revolutionaries  
First for humanity, then for the upliftment of africa  
And it goes a little somethin, like this

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Love's Gonna Get'cha"

Ya know that's why man I be telling you all the time man, you know love,  
That word love is a very serious thing, and if you don't watch out I tell ya  
That (love's gonna get you) because a lot of people out here say "i love my  
Car" or "i love my chain" or or "i'm I'm just in love with that girl over  
There" so far all the people out there that fall in love with material items  
We gonna bump the beat a lil' something like this

Im in junior high with a b plus grade,  
At the end of the day I don't hit the arcade,  
I walk from school to my moms apartment,  
I got to tell the sucaks everyday "don't start it",  
Cause where I'm at if your soft your lost,  
To say on course means to roll with force,  
A boy named rob is chillin in a benz,  
In front of my building with the rest of his friends,  
I give him a pound, oh I mean I shake his hand,  
He's the neighborhood drug dealer, my man,  
I go upstairs and hug my mother,  
Kiss my sister, and punch my brother,  
I sit down on my bed to watch some tv,  
(machine gun fire) do my ears deceive me,  
Nope, that's the fourth time this week,  
Another fast brother shot dead in the street,  
The very next day while I'm off to class,  
My moms goes to work cold busting her ass,  
My sisters cute but she got no gear,  
I got three pairs of pants and with my brother I share,  
See there in school see I'm made a fool,  
With one and a half pair of pant you ain't cool,  
But there's no dollars for nothing else,  
I got beans, rice, and bread on my shelf,  
Every day I see my mother struggling,  
Now it's time I've got to do something,  
I look for work I get dissed like a jerk,  
I do odd jobs and come home like a slob,  
So here comes rob he's cold and shivery,  
He gives me two hundred for a quick delivery,  
I do it once, I do it twice,  
Now there's steak with the beans and rice,  
My mother's nervous but she knows the deal,  
My sister's gear now has sex appeal,  
My brothers my partner and we're getting paper,  
Three months later we run our own caper,

My family's happy everything is new,  
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

### Chorus

That's why, (loves gonna get you)  
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)  
You fall in love with your chain,  
You fall in love with your car,  
Loves gonna sneak right up and snuff you from behind,  
So I want you to check the story out as we go down the line,  
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

Money's flowing, everything is fine,  
Got myself an uzi and my brother a nine,  
Buisness is boomin' everything is cool,  
I pull about a g a week fuck school,  
A year goes by and I begin to grow,  
Not in height but juice and cash flow,  
I pick up my feet and begin to watch tv,  
Cause now I got other people working for me,  
I got a 55 inch television you know,  
And every once in awhile I hear just say no,  
Or the other commercial I love,  
Is when they say, this is your brain on drugs,  
I pick up my remote control and just turn,  
Cause with that bullshit I'm not concerned,  
See me and my brother jump in the bm,  
Driving around our territory again,  
I stop at the light like a superstar,  
And automatic weapons cold sprayed my car,  
I hit the accelerator scared as fuck,  
And drove one block to find my brother was hit,  
He wasn't dead but the blood was pouring,  
And all I could think about was war and,  
Later I found that it was rob and his crew,  
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

Ya know that's why, (loves gonna get you)  
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(love loves gonna get you)  
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)  
(love loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)  
That word love is very very serious(loves gonna get you)  
Very addictive

My brothers out of it, but I'm still in it,  
On top of that I'm in it to win it,  
I can't believe that rob would diss me,  
That faggot, that punk, he's soft a sissy,

I'm driving around now with three of my guys,  
The war is on and I'm on the rise,  
We rolled right up to his favorite hang out,  
Said hello and then the bullets rang out,  
Some fired back so we took cover,  
And all I could think about was my brother,  
Rob jumped up and began to run,  
Busting shots hoping to hit someone,  
So I just stopped, and let off three shots,  
Two hit him and one hit a cop,  
I threw the gun down and began to shout,  
Come on I got him it's time to break out,  
But as we ran there were the boys in blue,  
Pointing their guns at my four man crew,  
They shot down one, they shot down two,  
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

(love loves gonna get you)

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

(love loves gonna get you)

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you),

(loves gonna get you)

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

(love loves gonna get you)

Ya know a lot of people believe that that word love is real soft, but when

You use it in your vocabulary like your addicted to it it sneaks right up

And takes you right out. out. out. out. out.

So, for future reference remember it's alright to like or want a material  
Item, but when you fall in love with it and you start scheming and carrying

On for it, just remember, it's gonna get'cha

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "100 Guns"

("one... two... three... four...")

[krs-one singing: to the tune of 'ebony and ivory']  
Krs and melodie... live together with d-nice, and harmony  
Side by side with rebecca, d-square, sidney  
B...d...p...!  
("one... two... three... four...") yes!

Chorus: krs-one

I got a hundred gun two hundred clips  
Goin to new york, new york  
I got a hundred gun two hundred clips  
Goin to new york, new york

Verse one: krs-one

Well, I'm drivin my car, cross country  
With a hundred guns and about six g  
Me drivin through a town, me see two cops  
They lookin at me funny like they really want stop  
Me just turn my head, and gwan on me way  
Put hip-hop ina de tape and press play  
Me get one block and me hear "pull ov-ah"  
The guns are in the trunk, with a thin cov-ah  
They ax me for id, driver's license prefer  
Me ax them "was I breakin any law, officer? "  
They said "oh yes, you passed county line  
Niggers in these here parts now is a crime"  
I said "is that so? ", and cocked back me nine  
Bust two shots, ina the bwoy head top  
His knees just-a-buckle, and his body-a-drop  
Me put the car in drive, and me did not stop  
When I get to new york, I'm gonna set up shop  
Bwoy!

Chorus

("one... two... three... four...")

Verse two: krs-one

Me in a hotel, off ninety-five north

Everything's fine, and yes me on course  
Me walk to a bathroom, take a lickle leak  
But right out the window, I can hear the cops speak  
"we have the place surrounded we're about to move in"  
That's when I pick up my nine and just begin  
Pump pump pump! first copper hit the ground  
Pump pump pump! second copper go down  
Me jump out the window, tryin not to make a sound  
Me run to the car, gunfire all around  
I start up the engine, bust the barricade  
All because illegally I want to get paid  
Pump pump pump! there goes my tire  
Me spun out of control, the car caught on fire  
Me jump out the car, put me hands in the air  
Cops just surrounding me with pistols everywhere  
They put me in the backseat of their car handcuffed  
Pushed out them chests like they're big rough and tough  
A cop come and said "you'll never sell your guns now"  
I said "it doesn't matter, you'll sell them anyhow  
You take the guns from me, you sell them for a fee  
Anyway you put it, they'll get in the city"  
Hahaha... so still

Chorus 2x

Fiyah!!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Strugglin'💎"

[kwame toure']

Africans in america try to identify  
Totally with their master in every respect  
They are the only ones who can not do it  
But they are the ones who will go to all extremes to do it  
\* laughing \* (check it out) \* then laughing some more \*  
They can not be disguised  
But they will attempty to disguise themselves

[krs-one]

I'm on a search, not for a car or a miniskirt  
But the words I wish to exert  
Will hurt, damage or upset the ego  
You wanna be macho, yeah, but we know the deal  
Jheri curls just ain't gettin it  
Krs-one is only down for pickin it  
Pick the afro, need no soul glo  
Or carefree curls, that's just a no-no  
Where oh where, are all the real men  
The feminine look seems to be the trend  
You got eyeliner on, chillin and maxin  
See you're a man with a spine extraction  
So what I'm askin is plain to see  
Are there any straight singers in r&b?  
All I see, is the light-skinned buffy  
Tryin hard, to be mr. tuffy  
Yet in fact, you're mr. softie  
With the beige contacts on, yo you lost me  
I ain't with it, never will, never have  
How can your son even call you dad?  
Your skin is bleached and your nails you just buffin  
Take a look at yourself man, ya strugglin'

[kwame toure']

Africa is so strong, that once she puts a stamp on you  
Four hundred years of cold weather, death,  
And all that fryin your hair shall not disguise you  
As a matter of fact, she is so strong  
That no matter what chemicals you put in your hair  
She will come back and snatch it up  
\* audience laughter \*

[krs-one]



Tell me  
Are you proud man, of who you are?  
Or does your pride come out of a jar  
Cause if you bought it, put it on, or sprayed it on  
I tell you right now, it won't stay long  
Cause if it ain't natural, it ain't kosher  
It's like buyin and wearin a culture  
If that culture ain't yours naturally  
It's his, not yours, actually  
You better wake up and smell the coffee  
Look in the mirror and think mr. softie  
People change, when they are ashamed  
Of how they look or from which they came  
Are you ashamed, of original black?  
If you're not, why does your hair look like that?  
Why is your nose straighter, from surgery?  
I think you're really in a state of emergency  
You're not sane to the african aim  
So you're insane, and you need to obtain  
Any, average rap album sculpture  
And study it, just, to learn your culture  
Even though, you don't think it's music  
It's the blackest you'll ever get so use it  
The blue-eyed black man to me is buggin  
Take a look at yourself man, ya strugglin'

[kwame toure']

\* audience laughter \*

Yess.. capitalism will confuse these people, have them totally confused  
They will try every way to identify with their masters, every way  
Go to extreme lengths \* laughter \*, I'm telling you, seriously!  
Capitalism will confuse them y'know tell them the truth's a lie  
I saw a sister the other day and I spoke to her about her hair  
She said, "i don't care what you say, I'm still gonna get my perm!"  
I told her, "it's not a perm, it's a temporary"  
\* audience laughter \*  
Try in every possible way to identify..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Breath Control li"

[krs-one]

Hah, giddyap!

Ha ha ha hah..

Another dope dope dope style

By the massive bdp crew

Of course, I will now present to you

A different view, for 1990

Of course, eighty-nine is behind me

Check it out

It's called breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone

Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone..

It's krs-one, yes the t'cha

I wear clarks and only nike sneaker

In your speaker, is the new style

Dedicated to the intelligent child

In the front row, or behind me

We're gonna pull somebody file for the 90's

You want lyrics? we come correct

Bdp, only movin with respect

The other mc's, they can't believe me

A when I rhyme it sound just like a cd

We don't lip-sync, we go all live

On stage, I bring about four or five

That's d-nice, sydney, and melodie

And myself, harmony, and willie d

We come humble, we just grumble

While other mc's crew just crumble

They want dancers, they want lighting

They want effects, to make them look exciting

But it's frightening, cause without that

The whole crew, is whick whick whick whack

Bdp comes, with the cheapest

And perform miracles like jesus

The total respect, we achieve it

And the big head-liner can't believe it

It's called breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone

Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone.. get ready for the break..

Ha ha ha ha ha hah..

Well the styles i, usually dish out  
Are so dope that you don't wanna miss out  
We got pages, of the dope stuff  
So in the record store, you can't pass by us  
Get the album, hear the music  
And hold on so you just don't lose it  
As a reference, for any mc  
That wanna test, k-r-s, o-n-e  
Cause I've been watchin, these other rap groups  
They walk around like they're some kinda big soup  
You can't touch them, you only see them  
In a arena or big coliseum  
So when you watch them, for a second  
Them sound nuttin like they do on record  
Them sound cheesy, them sound wheezy  
For twenty dollars boy you know them never please me  
So I see this, and prevent this  
It's like goin for a checkup at the dentist  
Cause when you come to a bdp performance  
The microphone, had better have endurance  
Cause we'll check it, and then wreck it  
And then the soundman has got to accept it

Because it's breath control, breath control, breath control stylee  
Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone  
Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee  
Breath control a-lone.. take it out..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit D"

[krs-one]

All you white people out there that think you're down with america can  
Forget it. cause they tax all of us. all of us, one by one. just  
Take a look at leona helm-helmsley. taxed her, she's white I believe.  
\*laughter\* yeah threw her butt right in jail. she ain't nothin but  
Another hoe, according to this system.\*laughter\* you ain't pay your  
Taxes hoe, get back in jail. \*uproarious laughter\*

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Edutainment"

[krs-one]

Give it to em!

Nuff respect!and praise to the creator  
Over the years it seems that I became a  
Landmark, in the hip-hop field of art  
I she'd light, yet my skin is dark  
I'm not conerned with climbin the chart  
Cause why should you pay when it comes from the heart?  
I'll start, cause only jah will create it  
I'll just name it, edutainment  
People sit and they look at my album  
Like a problem, they try to solve em  
They don't know, it only leads the way  
To a bright more positive day  
By itself, it's not the bright day  
Sit up straight, and hear what I say  
Fear and ignorance, I'm down for stoppin this  
But the bright day is your conciousness  
I am poet, my words will heal you  
I'm not a phony I'll really feel you  
That's why I walk and talk to my nation  
Wherever they are, in any situation  
They usually ask for an autograph  
And I'll whip out the pen and just write blast-  
-master, k-r-s, o-n-e  
Bdp, peace and unity  
But do not concentrate on the paper  
Concentrate on the laws of the creator  
Cause when the paper's gone, it will deceive you  
But allah will never leave you

Nothing I say now is hypothetical  
These are the facts, a little metaphysical  
We are one, every heart every lung  
So why then was the black man hung?  
He was hung by the so-called christians  
That went to church, and did not listen  
See jesus couldn't stand politics  
So they nailed him to a crucifix  
Then it was that way, today it's a trigger  
So why is the pope such a political figure?  
I don't know, but it's really beyond me

But through knowledge, they'll never con me  
Cause from jesus christ to right now  
Everytime a black man speaks up, ka-pow  
See people concentrate on the leader  
And not the message comin through the speaker  
If the christians really heard christ  
The black man never would've lived this life  
My point is that do not concentrate  
On what I state, create, or debate  
I might be great, and you might admire  
But what I say is to take you much higher  
More higher than the physical plane  
To the plane of forces in the astral plane  
The mental plane, and the final three  
They're all around you, yet you can't see  
So grab the sphere of life and aim it  
And you'll be guided by edutainment

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Homeless"

Yeah...

You could call a man a bum with disgust on your morning run  
Cause he lives outside in the street, you don't know this  
But you've failed to realise that the one you so despise  
Reflects yourself cos every black man is homeless  
You could take your alka-seltzer while you talk about shelter  
You might even wanna talk about a little loan  
Cause no matter how rich you become you'll always be two, not one  
Cause believe it or not, america ain't your home  
We've been taught to say our name, afro-american, all the same  
Not fully american but gettin' there very slowly  
Cause to fully be american, you know, you gotta take out the word 'afro'  
Now they've relaxed I hear they might as well call us toby  
See, afro and black are african, while theft is american  
So how can afro-american make much sense?  
Your ancestors come from africa  
By stealing them now you're born in america  
So the black man is homeless even though he pays rent  
Some black people say "we built this place  
So we are american, but of the black race"  
Well let me make this little topic known  
The japanese also built this place  
In technology and they're winnin' the race  
But at the end of the day the japanese can go home  
Do you see the point that I'm getting at?  
I'm not a racist, I'm statin' a fact  
Blacks are actually prisoners of war  
Cause while south africa continues to fight  
We try our best to look more and more white  
Proof that the blacks have been stripped of their core  
Well, I guess I didn't sing and dance enough  
For black radio to play this stuff  
But this ain't soft like ice-cream with a sugar cone  
I'm only here to state one fact  
Wake up african, your colour is black  
And every black man is homeless cause he ain't got no home

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit E"

[krs-one]

Lincoln said, in this piece here, he says... he frees the slaves; he  
Said, "all slaves in armed rebellion." the slaves. now understand one  
Point: the african is not a slave, that's one point that they didn't  
Realize when they were writin this. the african is not a slave. the  
African has a history far more advanced than this nineteen-ninety  
History we're in right now. he's not a slave. lincoln's ultimately  
Sayin now you were born a slave, you'll always be a slave, and all i  
Will ever see you as is a slave, and I free you.



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Kenny Parker Show"

Indeed truly we are the mighty mighty bdp posse  
This is our 4th album and we're still not takin no shorts

Yeah.. ha hah!

On the wheels of steel, is kenny parker

As we say he can't get no darker

All about action, not a fast talker

All the whick whack sucker dj's

Gotta try much harder

My man willie willie willie d

Taggin up bdp with a fat marker

And this, is what's on today's charter

Ha hah hah

All the ladies in the place throw your hands up in the air

Bdp rockin without no fear

So kenny parker if you know what time it is

Throw the funky fresh beat in like this

C'mon!

\* crowd chants "go, go, go, go" for a while \*

Ha hah

Well it's me, down with bdp

Krs-one rocks any party

Rocks the beats, and the breaks

Rock the socks off the frauds and the fakes

The suckers shake, while I'm creatin

They get together and they start debatin

How can we take him out one time?

So they push up the best with the freshest rhyme

I might go first, and he'll go second

I'll wreck him, deck him, say to him, "just checkin the mic"

Droppin fresh styles I like

So throw up your hands and drop your mic

Cause I'll go third, and he'll go fourth

By the fifth you're dissed cause you lost

Six is your beatdown, your title is seven

Takin out your four man crew makes eleven

By the twelveth well I'll go for self

Rockin new york like no one else

You can check any rapper from seventy-eight

A few have rocked their whole career straight

Some had dope twelve inches, count em

But not many crews had slammin albums  
Bdp rocks consistently  
From \_criminal minded\_ to 1990  
Why? well that's my secret baby  
Here's a hint: the public pays me  
So you can call me a public servant  
Not a king but a teacher, I'll believe I earned it  
So I just walk, or ride my bike  
If I walk to a jam well I'll rock the mic  
Gimme a chance and I'll rock the house  
But don't let a sucker try to take me out  
Cause male or female, I will strangle  
If it's a crew, they'll have to untangle  
Adidas, nike's, arms, mics  
Turntables suckers in the wheel of my bike  
Step right up if that's what you like  
But watch your head cause it'll fly like a kite  
In the night at a height right for flight  
Way out of sight, you bite, I recite  
My style is bright, still you're sellin out to white  
As your faggot dj would say, "well alllllright"  
I am your mentor  
Victory is mine, it's time you surrender  
Sucker! and just back up quickly  
Your style is sickly, but you persist to get me  
Or outwit me with the style that I created  
Years ago when you was doin a dollar fifty show  
Oh, all of a sudden you don't know  
Or can't remember, can't recall, can't bring to mind  
That rhyme that place do not chase  
I run a marathon a race of rhymes in your face  
In case you bass I'll erase your whole rap  
Tell you right now I ain't tryin to hear that

I don't dress up to rap or keep a hairdo  
I only grab the mic and bust holes in a crew  
I deny your existence as artists  
You're puttin out a record expectin to chart  
But it's weak, but when you speak through the microphone  
You fail to realize nope you're not alone  
On the earth, the light comes forth as krs  
Intelligence, force, and love manifest in the flesh  
I snatch the mic and she'd light  
Behave, you're still a 20th century slave  
Headed for the grave in a wave  
So save the microscopic miniature small talk and walk  
And put a little pep in your step  
Krs-one will destroy any ignorant reputation  
In the nation, in creation

Princes, kings, queens, or any occupation  
Like rappers with nuttin to say  
I crush those idiots and throw em away  
Cause no matter how fatter the wallet, I'd rather  
Gather together and splatter whatever  
Egotistic mystics, with macho poses  
If you ain't for black you're down for guns 'n' roses  
Yeah! c'mon!  
Throw your hands in the sky  
And wave em from side to side  
And if you're in this life just gettin by  
Somebody say, alright! (alright!) alright! (alright!)

Dj kenny parker takin out these sucker dj's  
My man willie d, never in a daze, ha hah  
We got symone in the house  
We got, d-square in the house  
We got ms. melodie rockin the soundset  
My man d-nice, hit it!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Original"

[Ms. Melodie]

Extra extra, read all about it!  
KRS-One's rhymes, have been doubted  
Suckers stepped up, and got MURDERED!!

[KRS-One]

Pump pump pom pom POING!  
Yo, this goes out, to George Bush  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Margaret Thatcher  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Bensonhurst  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... De Klerk  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick

It feels good to grab the mic and just allow yourself to chat  
The master of the microphone is here and he's black  
Recitin poetry, beautifully articulated  
Demonstrated by the never faded strong facial feature  
Of the teacher, I am the teacher, you can check it  
The styles they're doing, is from my old record  
They bought my album, for \$8.99  
Studied the style, then wrote they own rhyme  
I don't mind because I'm here to show  
The lost MC's which way to go  
So here's my rep, to those that slept  
And didn't get the first concept in depth  
I am the manifestation of study  
NOT, the manifestation of money  
Therefore I advance through thought  
Not what's manufactured and bought  
Concentration, and calculation  
Goes into every song creation  
The first and second album rocked you  
Third album made you think and got through  
Didn't you think I knew?  
Number three, wasn't for the dance crew  
But it gave me a chance to see  
Who was REALLY down with BDP  
I set the warm milk, in the glass  
And the snakes came out the grass

They don't realize I'm not confined  
Nor trapped by space and time  
I am a rebel, an overthrower  
Descendant of the black man Noah  
Radio DJ's, all around  
Constantly tell me how they are down  
To uplift Africa and unite black  
Yet they fronted when I dropped \_Why Is That?\_  
It's a fact, I don't beg for juice, I just get loose  
And demonstrate the truth  
Many MC's can only rock the many  
But I rock a few with my brother Kenny  
>From twenty-thousand to ten I'm housin  
African culture is what I'm arousin  
In your consciousness, soul and body  
Pay attention while I rock the party  
Cause now I'm gonna show ya how the East Coast rocks  
Bumpin sucker MC's out the box  
Rockin the dreadlocks and the flattops  
I like these ops, so I'll try not to stop, but drop  
The new hip-hop, and get props  
Scott La, Scott La, Scott La, Scott LaRock  
Spins in heaven, while the earth I rock  
MC's adopt, the styles I drop  
They got no direction, they got no direction, they got no direction  
So they wanna go pop  
Chasin the charts up and down like suckers  
Totally ignoring their sisters and brothers  
They're the ones to say you're number one  
Not chart position, so pick up the drum and hum  
Sing along, it's a poetry session  
Mathematically applied, no guessin  
I'm fresh and dope and wild and wicked  
Get your ticket, come straight to the jam I'll rip it  
Original lyrics, original lyrics, original lyrics, Kenny Parker on the mix!

[Special K]  
Yes yes I'm Special K  
On New York's Two show on WBDP  
This is the brand new one by KRS-One of Boogie Down Productions  
And it's off the Edutainment LP  
Wanna send a shout out to the BDP Posse  
Of course to Teddy Ted, Nice and Smooth, D-Nice, D-Square  
And my man Fish, Sidney Mills, Ms. Melodie, Willie D  
And of course me... seeya!



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Racist"

### Verse

I've been taught to respect my elders and behave  
Even if when they were young they sold slaves  
Truth and understandin' is what I crave  
In the land of the thief, home of the slave  
Turn your page to a brief demonstration  
Cos now in '90 it's strictly information I'm givin'  
Teachin' on a regular basis  
Today's lecture is about The Racist  
We're not out to exaggerate or diss him  
But show the symptoms and facts of racism  
Understand The Racist ain't equal  
There's about five different types of racist people  
First of the five different types of cases  
Is the individual brought up racist  
Here you have young men and women  
Brought up in the Great White Way opinion  
This opinion introduced by the parent  
To the civilised becomes transparent  
The civilised man could look through the faces  
Make the analysis and see The Racist  
Number two case which y'all must hear  
Is the individual racist out of fear  
Here you have people that fear the African  
And conjure up new ways of trappin' him  
Number three is the unconscious racist  
Not knowin' they're racist they invade your spaces  
They say, "I'm not a racist, I'm not a bigot"  
Yet they allow it to go on and won't admit it  
Number four is the money racist  
The one that used the topics of sheer economics  
They say, "Owning a business isn't for the black man  
He don't want that", yet they went and took his land  
Damn, that's like a rock in a hard place  
You don't have your land yet this ain't your space  
America was built by every other race  
Except the European that runs this place  
What a waste, America's doomed  
To be overthrown by the righteous real soon  
But last but not least racial prejudice  
Is the black man speakin' out of ignorance  
Whitey this and Ching-Chow that

Is not how the intelligent man acts  
You can't blame the whole white race  
For slavery, cos this ain't the case  
A large sum of white people died with black  
Tryin' hard to fight racial attacks  
The media wants you to think that no whites  
Really fought and died for Civil Rights  
But once we have a true sense of history  
You'll see this too as a mystery  
If black and white didn't argue the most  
They could clearly see the government's screwin' 'em both.



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "7 Dee Jays"

[krs-one]

Yes! chillin in the place right now  
Harmony and heather b, ms. melodie  
Dj jamal-ski, dj kenny parker  
And of course we are gettin much darker  
Because the africanism is in effect  
So check it out, man!  
And try not to bite the lyrics  
Poi!

So come in now with the chorus of the day  
Because we don't play

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
But d-nice, you're gonna make the party live

[d-nice]

Bust it, yo

I love to diss whores, I love to do tours  
Makin young ladies just drop their drawers  
And when they drop em, I don't kick em, check it  
Like the fat boys said, i"brrrrrrrr, stick em!"  
From that point on, I say we're on for the night  
But I love it when the girl just call me d-nice  
And if she gets bold and try to ask for a fee  
I say, "please hoe, it's all about me"

[heather b]

It's not the star spangled banner or the red white and blue  
But the underground sister from the edutainment crew  
So what you do, is back up if you work for bush  
Cause all the presidential prison pushin politicians  
Gotta get mushed, gimme back my land you sucka  
You beat down my father and you raped my mother africa  
And now you wanna laugh at her  
I feel like pickin up a razor, and slashin ya  
Snatch up margaret thatcher and unmaskin her  
To find out she's a man without a manicure  
Go to president deklerk without askin her

And bust some shots for south africa  
And if margaret jumps in, I start bashin her  
For every freedom fighter start crashin her  
And then heather b will get nastier  
And pull out my two shot derringer  
Cause yes, heather b comes classier  
Cause heather b, jamal-ski, and krs the trainer  
Makes up the dope crew called, edutainer  
You'll find the law of balance on the two turntables  
So look out for the fresh edutainer label

[krs-one]

Biddi-by-by, by, by-by-by, jamal-ski, ki-ki-kiyah!

[jamal-ski] {best guess}

Jump up and be upon the mic and stick em  
Come follow me the man me work for the mic  
They call me top celebrity  
Me bigga me badda mad hatta me callin it well and dead-ly  
Me nah got no nine millimeter, me not want ya uzi  
But I kill run a leggin on misses dancee  
Blam! blam!we comin out and yes you are the don  
You hold for the mic upon they call me lyrical champion  
Me bigga me black, me know if me chat, ya know me and ya done  
Me read from genesis unto relevation  
Me nice and into england, nice it up in ja-pan  
Me have armitage, me have enough stylee  
Me whyla, grab the mic andna, sing to me, andna

[krs-one]

Come in de dance with the nuff stylee  
And krs-one, now comin in with harmony

[harmony]

Now I'm comin to the dancehall, everybody call  
Follow me follow me, sister harmony  
I perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a  
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup-a  
Perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a  
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup  
I'm a, stimulator, administrator  
Activator, initiator  
Captivator, originator  
Perculator, perk you up  
It's harmony, the minor key  
That moves with the rhythm passionately  
I ain't ego trippin I do it humbly  
Cause everybody's bound to hear the sound of bdp  
It's easy, for me you see

I ain't the one or the two, I'm the three  
And three (badda-ba-ba-by-by) it's the magic numberrr  
(badda-ba-ba-by-by)

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
But krs, you're gonna make the party live

[krs-one]

Well now it's blastmaster krs-one  
When we come in the dance, my lyrics not done  
Pray to my father cause yes me are the son  
Cause you are the guide and my pro-tection  
Any sucker mc must run come  
Kyan't test the boogie down production man  
Move ya ras claat, bdp stand alone  
1990 lyrics 'pon the microphone  
Every posse know we come in the dance  
We teach reality-ta-tee an'  
Reality, reality-ta-ta-tee  
We nah deal with sickness and negativity  
We come up in the dance in the ruff stylee  
In the discipline krs-one is just a flyer  
Come up in the dance with my man called edi ayah  
On the con-sole we have the man d-square  
Come up in the dance, and him must comb him hair-ah  
Come up in the dance, and me let off a clip-ah  
At george bush, cause him d my nigga  
Krs-one, him the president come  
The crew called bdp, melo-di-di-de-de

[ms. melodie]

Comin live and direct in full effect  
Ms. m-e-l-o-d-i-e on the mic check  
Well I'm up in your face like the wind from a blizzard  
Got my wrap around your throat, like you're chokin on a gizzard  
If someone said, well damn, who is it?  
It's ms. melodie, the real, so get with it

[?]

Fatalistic pessimistic, a big conspiracy  
The way they treat blacks, in white society  
It's erection rebellion, revolution uprisin  
Takin no shorts, because jah is guidin  
Government they try to manage and rule  
Dictate, regulate, and perpetrate the fool

That's why I search, explore, inspect, investigate  
Drop down knowledge, and kill dub plates

[krs-one]

Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah  
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah  
Krs-one, boy, must come fi straighter  
Comin up and doin the dance but not from eighty-eight-ah  
Every posse know me come in the dance not later  
Come in early, every posse captivator  
Krs-one, and enough herb gate-ah  
Come up in the dance, and we cannot debate-ah  
Krs-one, them call me krs-one-ah  
Krs-one, me come to nice up any ja-a-am  
Krs-one, them call me krs-one-ah  
Krs-one, me come to nice up any jam  
Me comin in the dance, with the crew called bdp-ah  
Down with the set is a harmony-ah  
Ms. melodie and my man kenny p ah  
Come in jam and look at what a raw stylee

[jamal-ski] {best gues}

Them name me permanent, permanent, permanent, permanent  
Pick-a-dig-dinny  
Jump up upon me come to run it again  
Me work pon the microphone you betta tell your best friend  
Tell your mudda and tell you fadda  
And tell your sista and yuh bruda  
A when they hold fi di mic they call me dj murderahh  
Me lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion  
Lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion, follow me now  
Lyrical champion, well they call me lyrical champion, flash it  
Oil the mic and ah, me on the jam  
Jump upon the mala the mic in ah me hand an' a  
When me do that, the dancehall fi run  
Some of dem sell fi cocaine, some of dem sell ganjah  
But I'm the one msn jamal me sell the culture stylah  
And me hold pon the microphone, they call me entertainer  
Now, top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin  
Top celebrity, top celebrity, hoo-hah, ha-hah!  
Top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin  
I'm the one jamal-ski dem from new york city-ah  
What dey call me, bdp posse an' a  
Jamal now can rewind stylee  
Rewind circulate, never ever imitate  
When me hold pon the microphone, say me lyrics dem great  
Test me, and you'll, test your fate  
Blam! blam! jamal now can know yes you are the don an' a  
Come in now krs-one, an' a

[krs-one]  
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma  
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma  
Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma  
Me a melt down the sound-ah  
Melt down the sound, come mi say melt down the sound-ah  
Krs-one, the master of the verb and noun ah  
Jump in the dance and my skin is yes browner  
Kings, mash up, crown  
Queen, rip up, dancehall gown ah  
Every posse know that we ah rule every sound  
Jump up in the dance and run every town ah  
Dj, nuff, clown  
Come up in the dance, bucks em right down ah  
If you a prince we'll flood ya and you drown ah  
Krs-one ah, mash up better sound ah  
Satan in the dance, we a mash right down ah  
Down, to the ground  
Krs him have the number one sound  
Sound sound sound, sound-sound sound sound sound  
Number one sound what in creation  
Play with yourself it's called masturbation  
Chop it off, castration  
Jesus christ get the crucifixion  
Three days later, resurrection  
He's comin back, read revelation  
Close the book, pick up your gun  
And fight in the african revolution  
Righteous man, get liberation  
Wicked man get execution  
It's called the battle of armageddeon  
Through my mouth is a translation  
Unto recknoning to circulation  
Nuff african education  
Dj kenny parker yes you are the don  
Edutainer teach nuff wisdom

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
But scott larock, you're gonna make the party live  
It takes

1 dee jay, jigga jay ah jay ah jay  
Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay ah jay  
It takes 1, jigga jay jay, a jigga jay jay

Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay

It takes a jigga to your face, a jigga jay jay

Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay, a jigga jigga

1 a jay jay a jay jigga jay a jay

1 jigga jay a jigga jay a jigga jay a

1..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "30 Cops Or More"

[krs-one]

When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

If you a black herb smuggler  
They will, watch you by the hour  
It only means that if you have more money  
Then you have more power  
They will come in the night  
And they will read you your rights  
There is no need to fight  
If you're black there is no need to fight

But when them come to arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

Years ago a black man couldn't be a cop  
They could only be great dancers  
When the whole police department was white  
Justice, was the black panthers  
We've been robbed of our religion  
Our government and social position  
And you won't see no quick solution  
Until you see the black revolution

But when them come to arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

"he's gonna get across the border before we can catch him"  
\*dogs barking\*  
"just let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead"  
\*dogs barking\*

They arrest us by the hour  
Cause the black man in the ghetto has power  
If he would wake up and unite  
The police department would lose the fight

But when them come to arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

If you a black herb smuggler  
They will, watch you by the hour  
It only means that if you have more money  
Then you have more power  
They will come in the night  
And they will read you your rights  
There is no need to fight  
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But when them come to arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

"he's gonna get across the border before we can catch him"

\*dogs barking\*

"just let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead"

\*dogs barking\*

"he's gonna make it"

"let the dogs go!"

"no I won't do it!"

"he's got full, they've only got two"

"they'll tear him apart, I won't do it"

"let the dogs go!"

"turn loose those dogs!"



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit F"

[krs-one]

When you realize you have this army, or one concept, one thought, one  
Movement, one action; you have what is called a revolution. but the  
More we stay seperated, and the more we don't understand the concept of  
The eye, that is within all of us, then we will constantly constantly  
Lose, every single battle, from day one to day forever. thank you,  
We'll take questions. \*clapping, applause, and shouting\*